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FURNESS ABBEY, LANCASHIRE.

FURNESS is the name given to that irregularly shaped district of Lancashire, which is separated from the rest of the county by the interposition of an arm of the Irish Sea, which laves the western borders of the main county. The scenery partakes of the romantic character of the adjoining northern counties. It is a wild and rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with a growth of underwood, which is cut down in succession, and made into charcoal, for the use of the iron furnaces. Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the above ruins, the land is moderately fertile. The estuary which separates this portion from the rest of Lancashire is continually crossed by horses and carriages at low water. In this detached district, about seven centuries since, was built the Abbey of Furness: in subsequent ages it rose high in rank and power; and the ruins of its architectural splendour are to this day entitled to the first place among the relics of antiquity in the county.

The abbey owes its origin to King Stephen, who founded it whilst Earl of Montaign and Bulloign, in 1127, and endowed it with rich domains; the foundation being afterwards confirmed and secured by the charters of twelve successive monarchs, and the bulls of divers popes. The abbot of Furness was invested with extraordinary privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were, in some degree, de-

pendent upon him. A singular custom prevailed in this abbey, distinct from every other of the same order—which was that of registering the names of such of their abbots only as, after presiding ten years, continued and died abbots there; this register was called the Abbots' Mortuary: such of the abbots as died before the expiration of the term of ten years, or were after it translated or deposed, were not entered in this book. Thus, in the space of 277 years, the names of only ten abbots were recorded, though, according to some authors, the real number was thirty-two, or more; but, though many of them, for the reason abovenamed, were omitted in the register, they received, in other respects, the honour due to their rank.

The situation of the abbey being formidable by nature, gave something of a warlike consequence to the monks: they erected a watch-tower on the summit of a commanding hill, which commences its rise near the walls of the monastery, overlooking all Low Furness, and the arm of the sea immediately beneath it: thus, they were enabled to prevent surprise by alarming the adjacent coast with signals on the approach of an enemy. The abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and received its monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who, for some time, conformed to the regulations of their order, wearing the habit of gray; but, embracing St. Bernard's rigid rules, they changed their habit, and

became Cistercians: thus they continued till the final dissolution of the monastery.

The entrance to these romantic ruins is through a light pointed arch, festooned with ivy hanging gracefully down its crumbling sides: hence the path, spread with fragments of desolation, which are intermingled with richly-tinted foliage, leads through ruinous isles and cloisters, while the sounds of a gurgling brook, hard by, contribute to lull the mind into solemn contemplation:

Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;
No early minstrels wake the winding vales;
No choral anthem floats the lawn along.
For sunk in slumber lie the hermit throng.
There each alike, the long, the lately dead,
The monk, the swain, the minstrel, make their bed;
While o'er the graves, and from the rifts on high,
The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry.

On approaching the ruin, the first object that attracts attention is the great window in the north transept: it was formerly enriched with handsome stone mullions. Beneath this window, considerably on one side, is the principal entrance, which is worthy of remark, as there appears nothing to prevent its being placed in the middle. A still greater inconsistency is seen in the pillars that once supported the lantern: three of them are composed of fine clustered shafts, the fourth is square and plain. The east window was filled with painted glass, which has been removed, and preserved in the east window of Bowness Church, in Westmoreland. The design represents the Crucifixion, with St. George on one side, and the Virgin Mary on the other; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady kneeling, surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England, quartered with those of France. The chapter-house was a fine, rectangular apartment, the roof being supported by two rows of pillars; a few years since it fell to the ground. In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls, supposed to be for the priests during the service of mass: in the middle space were interred the first barons of Kendal, and some mutilated effigies were a few years since to be traced, nearly overgrown with weeds. Connected with the south-boundary wall is a building roofed with a groined arch, the only one remaining entire: this is called the school-house. Towards the west-end of the church are two prodigious masses of stone-work;—these were the sides of a vast tower, which, by its fall, choked up the intermediate space with an immense heap of rubbish, now covered with earth and overgrown with grass. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular pillars, which were of ponderous size; in other parts are seen the remains of clustered columns. The Norman circular arch, and the elegant pointed one, are equally conspicuous throughout the building, forming an interesting combination of strength and beauty: the whole exhibits an impressive

picture of venerable decay, and a last sad scene of fallen greatness, with its mouldering ruins dismantled, shattered, and spread abroad by the desolating hand of time.

The dimensions of the principal parts of the abbey will give the reader an idea of its importance; they were as follow: the length of the interior of the church, from east to west, 287 feet 5 in.; thickness of the wall at the east end, 4 ft. 10 in.; at the west end, 10 ft.; width of the interior of the choir, 28 ft.; and of the nave, 70 ft.; height of the side walls, 54 ft.; interior length of the transept, 130 ft.; width, 18 ft. 6 in. The chapter-house was 60 ft. long, 45 ft. 6 in. wide, and the thickness of the walls 3 ft. 6 in. The cloisters were 31 ft. 6 in. wide, forming a quadrangle of 334 ft. 6 in. by 102 ft. 6 in. The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall, which commenced at the east side of the great door; and a space of ground containing 65 acres was surrounded by another wall which inclosed the abbey mills, together with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish.

This abbey had nine other dependents on it. At the Dissolution, its revenues, according to Dugdale, were valued at 805*l.* 16*s.*; according to Speed, at 966*l.* 7*s.*; but, as early as the reign of King Edward I. the rents were, as stated in a manuscript in the Manchester library, 1,599*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* The abbey was surrendered by Roger Pyle, the then abbot, 28 Henry VIII., who, for his compliance, received the rectory of Dalton; and the monks, to the number of twenty-nine, had among them a grant equal to 300*l.* per annum. The dissolution of the abbey greatly affected both the civil and domestic state of Low Furness, which for several centuries had been improving in consequence. The large demand for provisions of all kinds occasioned by abundant hospitality, and the frequent concourse of company resorting to the abbey, dropped at once; the boons and rents were no longer paid in kind, and agriculture became proportionally depressed.

The Abbey of Furness must, in its pristine perfection, have been one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in the kingdom; although much of this completeness must be referred to a period subsequent to the foundation of the building, and to the accumulating wealth and power of successive abbots. Altogether, it accords with the received definition of the Abbey, which "properly means a series of buildings adapted for the accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons subject to the government of an abbot or abbess."

The annexed Engraving, and the substance of its architectural details, have been derived from the *Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet*, vol. i.

Manners and Customs.

THE BRAHMINS.

THE origin of the institution of castes was probably the same every where. From the Druids of Britain to the Priests of the Sun in Peru, the sacerdotal class appears in the rude ages of society, to have undertaken exclusively the task of legislation. In India the fact is strikingly evident: extraordinary provisions are made by the Indian legislature for the advantage, honour, and glory, of the priests or philosophers, who are called Brahmins, from their god Brahma, to whose worship they devote themselves from their infancy. Their history is extremely curious.

Parents are accustomed to nominate their offspring for a Brahmin before the birth of the child. Four months after conception, a burnt sacrifice is offered; and other ceremonies performed, which consist in the worship of certain gods. In two or three months more, the following scene takes place. The husband, sitting before the house, offers a burnt sacrifice, and presents offerings to the manes; while the wife, after anointing herself with turmeric, plaiting her hair, having her nails cut, and the sides of her feet painted, bathes and clothes herself in new apparel. Being seated on wooden seats, previously painted by the female guests, the husband, under the direction of a Brahmin, repeats a number of incantations; while water, clarified butter, &c. are offered before the shalogramoo. A curtain is then hung before the wedded pair, behind which the husband feeds his wife with milk and yutu sprouts, praying the meanwhile. When the curtain is removed, he repeats new prayers, accompanying them with the imposition of his right hand on various parts of her body; and the ceremony is concluded by his being led into the house by a female guest, pouring out water from a jug as she walks: his wife follows, and the officiating Brahmin receives his fee.

When the child makes its appearance, a burnt sacrifice is offered, and prayers are repeated for the newly-born. On the tenth or eleventh day, when the name is given, burnt offerings, and offerings to the manes, are presented; and the husband sitting by the side of his wife, who holds the child in her arms, prays after the priest, and mentions the baptismal name. When six months old, a ceremony of nearly the same kind distinguishes the period of first feeding with rice. The hands and mouth of the child are afterwards washed, a turban placed on its head, and before retiring, the company make presents of money.

At two years of age, after offerings to the manes, the barber shaves its head, cuts its nails, and bores its ears. The child is then rubbed with turmeric and oil, bathed and

dressed, and brought to the altar, where a burnt sacrifice is offered.

At eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, or fifteen years, the most important ceremony of the whole, and to which the others may be considered only as preparatory, takes place. This is the investiture with the poita. The lad is anointed with turmeric five days before, and each day feasted at the house of some friend. The day before the investiture, the female inhabitants of the village are invited by the parents to a feast, where female barbers pare their nails and paint the sides of their feet red. Their bodies are anointed, their foreheads painted, oil rubbed into their hair, and presents made to them of betel, perfumes, turmeric, oil, and sometimes when the parties are rich, of pieces of cloth. In the evening, the Brahmins of the neighbourhood assemble, and the master of the feast presents them with betel, adorns their foreheads with red paint, and decorates them with garlands of flowers. Early next morning the females of the family parade through the village, and at a late hour partake with the boy, of some curds, sweetmeats, plantains, &c., mixed together. About six o'clock the whole family bathe, and on the arrival of the priest, the music strikes up. The ceremony of investiture then takes place under an awning before the house, supported by plantain trees and hung with branches of the mango. The priest presents offerings to the manes, for the father; and the latter repeating certain formulae, takes each of them up and touches with them the shalogramoo, the earth, and his son's forehead. The boy then having his head shaved, and being anointed, bathed, and dressed in new garments, the priest offers a burnt sacrifice, and worships the shalogramoo, repeating a number of prayers. The boy's garments are then changed from white to red and a cloth is drawn over his head, that no Sudra* may see his face. A poita† of three threads is suspended upon the boy's left shoulder, and after some incantation, the father, speaking in a low tone of voice, lest any Sudra should hear, says to his son, "Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler: may it guide our intellects!" The first poita is then taken off, and the boy is invested in form with the real poita, consisting of six or more threads of cotton, prepared by the wives or daughters of Brahmins. Shoes are now put upon his feet, and an umbrella in his hand; a staff rests upon his shoulder, and an alms-pouch hangs by his side. Thus privileged and equipped as a brahmachari,‡ he commences his profession of beggary and imposture, by

* An inferior labourer or artificer: it is the lowest grade of the four original castes.

† From oopu and veetai, pure.

‡ From Brahma, and chur, to move. A pilgrim of Brahma.

asking alms of his parents and the company, and declaring he will leave his home, and seek a subsistence by begging. The relations, however, seizing him by the arm, prevail upon him to embrace a secular life. He goes into the house, a female pouring out water before him as he walks, and the ceremony ends by his partaking of the rice which had been offered in the burnt sacrifice. For twelve days after the investiture, all the austerities of the mendicant life must be observed; but at the end of this period, the boy throws his pilgrim's staff into the Ganges, and becomes a secular Brahmin.

A living deity is thus added to the thirty-three millions of Hindoo mythology; for the succession of Brahmins, is, according to the Laws of Menu,* a perpetual incarnation of Dharma, the god of justice. The race sprang originally from the mouth of Brahma, that by their holy rites and offerings they might effect the salvation of the world. They are the most excellent of created beings, the chief of mankind, the guardians of the faith and conduct of the world. To them belongs the whole universe, by the ancient and legitimate rights of primogeniture and nobility. Their power is almost illimitable, extending in some cases even over the gods themselves. They once created, says the Mahabharata, a new Indra, the king of heaven. A Brahmin also lectured Brahma and Siva with much unction, and struck Vishnu with his foot. Another reduced to ashes, by his curse, the sixty thousand sons of king Sagara, and another swallowed the sea, with all its contents. These, with many stories of the kind are to be found in the most popular Hindoo books.

Such is the progress of one of the multifarious objects of Hindoo superstition, that, like a mighty incubus, presses on the moral and intellectual energies of a hundred millions of human beings. It is not necessary here to trace its baneful influence; we speak

* Menu, Menou, Manou, Munoo, otherwise Swayambhoo, is said in the pooranas to be the son of Brahma, and one of the progenitors of mankind. He is identified with Noah by Sir William Jones. He was saved, according to Hindoo writers, from the universal deluge in a Bahitra, or Yanapatra, (*patra*, a vase; *yana*, a swimming object.) It is curious that many ancient nations designate their founder, or at least one of their early and celebrated kings, by names which are apparently nothing more than modifications of the above. The Phrygians, says Plutarch, called great actions *manic*, from Manis, the name of a powerful and virtuous king. The founder and first king of Egypt is supposed to be Meues, who built Memphis, and changed the course of the Nile near that city. By Manethon, he is called Menes Thinites; by Herodotus, Men; by Diodorus Siculus Menas; and by Josephus, Menalos. Tacitus states, that Mannus was the founder of the German nation, and Signor de la Viga, says that Manco Capac was the first legislator of Peru. This personage, who appears to have possessed the power of ubiquity, was also called Mencheres, from *cheres*, the sun. He is still called by the Hindoos the son of the Sun, and by this title, the Pagans understood Noah, the first god who rose in their horizon after the deluge.

only of its prevalence, which, independent of the descendants of the Mahomedan conquerors, extends, according to Hamilton, over the inhabitants of one million two hundred and eighty thousand square miles, of the finest portion of Asia. W. G. C.

New Books.

THE CHAMELEON.

[We conclude our extracts from this amusing volume:—

Traditions of Rob Roy.

Rob's gigantic strength, dauntless bravery, and the skill with which he had learned to handle the national weapons—gun, dirk, and broadsword, enabled him to make these terrible when he pleased. But he seems to have had some gentle feelings still left within him, and is hardly ever known to have let an opportunity slip of doing a benevolent action, when the oppressed required his assistance, and, to afford it, called forth the exercise of his peculiar powers. Numerous enough, if not very rigidly authenticated, were the instances of this, which my garrulous and inexhaustible friends adduced. Among these, the following told prettily enough for his generosity, and—what they dwelt upon with far more pride,—his strength. Near the borders of England, on one occasion, during the religious persecutions of Charles the Second's time,—regarding which the apathy or absolute ignorance of the *Highlanders* of Scotland, presents a singular contrast to the deep and fervent enthusiasm of abhorrence and of triumph with which they are still spoken of by the peasantry of the low country—he observed a detachment of military, executing with brutal violence the arbitrary mandate of the subaltern, whom tyranny had gifted with power over life and death. The ordeal of water has been one which the martyrs of all early ages, and all faiths, have been doomed to suffer. On this occasion, Rob's prowess, if I can trust my informants, or rather the voice of tradition, made that element the grave of more of the persecutors than I choose to commit my veracity by naming.

In another contest with the *sidi*ers roy, or red soldiers, he was no less successful in saving life on the one hand, though at the expense of sacrificing it on the other. The discontented chiefs of the west had signed a bond, at one of the meetings they held, under pretence of assembling to hunt, the object of which was to secure their fidelity to each other in the attempts they projected for restoring the dynasty of the Stuarts. One of their number who had been excluded, or sent to Coventry, as we should now say, obtained possession of this deed, and after holding it *in terrorem* over the subscribers for a time, sought at once to gratify his re-

venge, and make his peace with the reigning family, by forwarding the document to government, under the care of a well armed escort. Rob heard of the project—waylaid the detachment—politely requested the delivery of the papers, which were, after a skirmish and a death or two, as courteously given up;—and the officer in command, and the fearless Outlaw—for by this time such he was by name—personally, as well as patronymically,—bade each other a very good morning!

Amid these vicissitudes, but at length in a state of quiet, Rob felt old age creeping apace upon him, and, with it, bringing diminished vigour at least, if not a broken spirit, that still, however, prompted towards attempts to which the relics of youthful strength were not able to secure success. Having met with the laird of Boquhan on some merry occasion, the two sat up a whole night drinking in a paltry inn at Arnprior, in Perthshire; but towards morning they quarreled, the influence of the native beverage of their country having overpowered their reason. Boquhan had no sword with him, but he found an old rapier in a corner, and they fought. McGregor, from age and considerable inebriety, was then unfit for the combat, and, dropping his weapon, he made his peace with his adversary, and they continued drinking together during the following day. On a trial of strength also with Stewart of Ardsheal, at a later period, he was worsted; and he then threw down his claymore, and vowed that he would never take it up again, for by this time his sight was greatly impaired.

I was assured, that when nearly exhausted, and worn out by the laborious vicissitudes of his restless life, and confined to bed in a state approaching to dissolution, a person with whom in former times he had a dispute called upon him, and wished to see him. "Raise me up," said he to his attendants with Roman fortitude, "dress me in my best clothes, bind on my arms, and place me in my great chair: that fellow shall never see me on a death-bed." With these requests they complied, and he received his visiter with cold civility. When the stranger had taken his leave, Rob Roy exclaimed, "It is all over now; put me to bed. Call in the piper. Let him play 'Cha teill mi tuille,* as long as I breathe." He was faithfully obeyed;—and thus he calmly met his death at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg, among the Braes of Balquidder, in 1735.

While the closing scene of their clansman's life was dwelt upon with an emotion of tenderness by the old men, who, themselves, experiencing the ravages of time, could not but have a sympathy for the weakness with which these infect the most stalwart and brave—(and that such they felt, the moisture glittering in their rheumy eyes evinced)—

* I will never return.

they, however, could not altogether conceal the sort of undefined satisfaction with which they told that, at this very time when inability for strife made the father *per force* peaceable, the sons were "out upon the hill,"—in other words, leading a roving and little better than a predatory life, with companions not much removed from banditti, and, if they had other excitement than the love of warfare and its plunder, with motives scarcely elevated above a sort of treason. A very decent man, of the name of M'Laren, and related to the family who had succeeded to the lease of the farm, which the widow of Rob was unable, and these sons unwilling to manage, was savagely shot, when engaged in peaceful and useful labour, between the stils of his plough, by the youngest of them, then a boy not yet of the years of puberty. The young ruffian fled to France, where he remained till, a man and a rebel, he returned ten years after with the followers of the Young Chevalier. Two of his brothers were, in the meanwhile, tried as accessories in the crime, and acquitted. Robert, the murderer, afterwards joined the successful party, and served King George for sometime, under the command of Argyle, his father's old protector. On retiring from military life, he did not, however, cease to be a desperado. The fortune of a Miss Kay, the heiress of an estate called Edinbelly, attracted his notice, and, with the assistance of his brothers, he forcibly seized upon her, and she was compelled to marry him; however, the old man asserted, he treated her "very gently." At all events, she became content to live with him as his wife, on the very farm where he had shot her relative; but this was only for a short period, for she soon died, and justice, with a long and not very graceful stride, overtook him three years after her decease. In those days the means were not very nicely cared for, if the state thought that the end was good, so Rob the second was illegally punished for an unlawful act. "When he was on his trial," said Angus, "my lord asked at him, when the jury were switherin to bring him in guilty, 'd'ye min' M'Laren killed in the furrow, Rob?'—and every body saw that his doom was fixed. They hanged him; and I have spoken wi' mony that saw his corpse when it came hame in a cart to be buried beside his father." This was in 1754.

Another of the sons, James, was seized in arms when following the Pretender, imprisoned in Edinburgh jail, and would certainly have suffered, but for the affectionate devotion and address of his daughter, who, disguised as a cobbler, introduced herself into the prison, and, exchanging clothes with the prisoner, he escaped and fled to France. There he remained for many years in a state of poverty, which could not, however, shake his fidelity to the chief of his clan, though he

was not unwilling to purchase his pardon at home, by endeavouring to secure the person of a murderer,—another Stewart of Ardsheal than the one with whom his father had fought,—who was a fellow exile. Many of the letters he wrote from France are still preserved by different gentlemen of his name throughout the Highlands. From what I could gather of their tenor from my now almost exhausted guests, they must, indeed, afford singular instances of the degree of fond devotion, nay, almost unmanly prostration, which the system of clanship often gave opportunities of exhibiting on the part of men, stubborn, stern, and untractable to all other ties and affections. He died in Paris.

With the last of Rob's sons, and M'Gregor of Glengyle, called *Ghluu Dhu* or Black Kneec—a nephew of the hero's, the name of M'Gregor almost ceased to be known as that of any man of influence in the whole district which had once been called their "country." Balquidder passed into alien hands; but has not continued in their possession, though it is feared, if I rightly translate the old miller's winks and shrugs, that it will again become the property of some one, without the magic name, even although it was the proud triumph of the father of the present gallant landlord to redeem the rude hills of his forefathers with gold, won in eastern climes, and to add "of Balquidder" again as an appendage to the name of "M'Gregor." It was, I found, this restorer of the honours of the long injured and almost forgotten clan, who had, with a feeling for which I believe he hardly got credit when alive, built, as a family mausoleum, amid the wilds and solitudes of his native glen, the little gothic edifice which I deemed a chapel and fancied of much more remote origin. He sleeps there.

[We need not repeat our commendation of this attractive miscellany.]

STUART'S NORTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 142.)

Itinerant Lecturer.

[The anxiety for acquiring useful knowledge, observable among *all classes* of the Americans, is one of the most promising features of transatlantic character. Mr. Stuart relates the following illustrative anecdote.]

While we were at New Rochelle, Mr. Dennys, an itinerant lecturer on astronomy and the popular branches of natural philosophy, became an inmate of the house. He issued a prospectus for a course of lectures; and the charge not being great, one shilling sterling per lecture, we procured tickets. We told Hannah, on the first evening of the course, not to prepare tea for us until we returned from lecture. The lecture-room was, we found, tolerably well filled; and Mr. Dennys explained his subject with very tole-

rable clearness. He very properly abstained from all attempts to illustrate those parts of his subject which the great majority of his audience, composed of boys at the academies, and females, could not have comprehended. When we returned from the first lecture, we found that tea, which we had desired to be delayed till our return, was not prepared; but in a very short time Hannah, in her holiday dress, appeared, expressing her regret that we should have had to wait a little while for her; but she had been attending lecture, Mr. Dennys having made her a present of tickets for the course, and her mistress having allowed her to attend. Many of the people came two or three miles in their wagons or deerborns to attend these lectures; and I really believe, from what I heard, that there were few people in the village who had not attended a course of these lectures at some time or other, and who were not tolerably well acquainted with the history of the solar system. Mr. Dennys travels with his wife in his own carriage, conveying his orrery of his own construction, his magic lantern, &c.

Hannah at one time left us for a few days to see her relations in the neighbouring state. When she was equipped for her journey, she opened our door before stepping into the stage, to say, "Good bye, good bye,—I'll have you both in my mind till I return." When she came back, she took my wife in her arms and kissed her, saying, "I can't help kissing you, for I am so happy to see you again." A fact like this proves, to a certain extent, the equality of footing that prevails; but I do not mean to infer that a servant would generally consider herself as so familiar a footing.

A strange incident, as it appeared to us, happened at the beginning of one of Mr. Dennys' lectures. A man of colour, perfectly well appraised, entered the room, and was coming forward with a view to hear the lecture, which had commenced. Mr. Dennys addressing him, told him to go out, saying, "we want no people of colour here; they are very well in their own way, but we don't mean to make them astronomers." The poor fellow was obliged to comply. After the lecture, I ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Dennys upon the gross impropriety of his conduct; but his answer was quite satisfactory, as far as he was concerned,—the fact being, as he stated, that he had no alternative. The people connected with the schools, and his audience generally, would have left the room if he had allowed a man of colour to remain. Nothing can be more disgraceful to the people of the United States, nor more inconsistent with their professed principles of equality, than their treatment of the free people of colour. They constantly subject them to indignities of every kind, and refuse altogether to eat or drink with them.

If you have black servants and white servants in the same house, they never upon any occasion eat together; and this circumstance very often obliges people to have servants of colour altogether.

The Tomb of Thomas Paine.

Not far from New Rochelle is the property which the government of the United States presented to Thomas Paine after his return to the United States, subsequent to the French revolution. The author of *Common Sense*,—a pamphlet of no ordinary ability, and which contributed essentially to make the people of the United States of one mind at the period of the declaration of independence, was well entitled to this mark of gratitude from Congress. We frequently passed his tomb on the road-side, inclosed within a bit of circular stone wall. The surface of the interior looks very much as if Mr. Cobbett had actually carried off Mr. Paine's bones; for it is in an uneven and disordered state, though now producing very beautiful wild flowers. It happens strangely, that, on the part of the high road immediately opposite to this burying-ground, there is a Methodist meeting-house. The first time that we passed the burying-ground on the 27th October, we went within the inclosure to look at it. When we came out of it again, we were accosted by Mr. Bonnel, a neighbouring proprietor, who had been out with his gun. He presumed, from his having seen us make so close an inspection of the burying-ground, that we were admirers of Mr. Paine's religious sentiments, for he immediately spoke of them, and told us, that he rather inclined to approve of them himself. He afterwards asked us to dine with him, which, however, it was not in my power to do.

Paine was first known by the celebrated song which he composed after Wolfe's fall before Quebec, beginning, "In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat," &c.; but it was not until about the year 1775 or 1776 that he became celebrated. It does not appear that he ever received in money from the United States more than 500*l.*, the gift of the State of Pennsylvania, and 5,000 dollars from Congress. Congress also presented him with the land near New Rochelle, which was the confiscated estate of Frederick Davoe, a loyalist, consisting of above 300 acres of well-cultivated soil, with a good stone house. He was seventy-two years old when he died, on the 8th June, 1809.

It is a singular fact, that a person of the same name, Thomas Paine, to whom a prize had been adjudged, about the beginning of this century, for writing a prologue at the opening of the Boston Theatre, afterwards obtained an act of the legislature of Massachusetts, authorizing him to change his name to Robert Treat Paine, "because he

was unwilling any longer to bear that of a certain noted infidel, and reviler of religion."

Language of the Americans.

[Mr. Stuart thus briefly corrects an erroneous impression respecting the dialect of the United States:]

I have never been able to observe either here, or in other parts of the United States where we have yet been, any ground for an observation which I have heard again and again made by British writers, viz. that it is difficult to understand the language which the Americans use, and that an American does not at once understand what an Englishman says. On the contrary, I think it much more difficult, in travelling in Britain, to comprehend the various dialects that are used by the lower classes in different parts of the country. Even in the city of London, the language is very different in the city and in the west end of the town. The style of speaking is very much the same all over this country. The only difference seems to me to consist in the different signification which is given to a few words in America, such as the following:—A lady calling on us when there were some melons on the table, we asked her to partake of one as soon as the servant brought a plate. She was in a hurry, and took up a little bit in her hand, saying, allow me to take it "friendly,"—meaning unceremoniously. Of such words as this there is a considerable number, but there is generally no difficulty in finding out the sense in which they are used.

Again, Mr. Stuart speaking of a Somersetshire family settled near Hoboken, says: "Their Somersetshire dialect made their language more unintelligible to us than that of any other persons whom we had seen in the United States."

Marketing Chief Justice.

[Mrs. Trollope mentions the smart gentlemen of Cincinnati marketing for the household. Mr. Stuart narrates a laughable incident.]

It is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies, and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. I have again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I afterwards heard at Richmond of Chief-Justice Marshall, the head of the law courts of this country, frequently carrying home his dinner from market.

A Shoe-black's Dinner.

Not long after we came to Hoboken, I was asked to dine with a friend at a boarding-house in New York, and finding, after I had crossed the ferry, that it was necessary for me to have the dust wiped off my shoes, I

went into a shoe-black's apartment for that purpose, and there I found him and his wife, both persons of colour, (No. 32, Lennard-street,) at dinner, consisting of one of the fattest roast geese I had ever seen, with potatoes, and apple-pie.

New Year's Day at New York.

On our return through New York we were surprised to observe the streets more crowded than at any former period. We afterwards found, that it is usual for people of all descriptions to call at each other's houses, were it but for a moment, on the first day of the year. Cold meat, cake, confectionaries, and wines, are laid out upon a table, that all who call may partake; and it seems the general understanding, that such a one's friends as do not call upon him on the first day of the year are not very anxious to continue his acquaintance. There must be limitations to the rule, but I never could get them well explained; and there is no doubt, that the practice, as I have stated it, is very general. The confectioners make great seed-cakes at the period of Christmas and new year. They are thought such curiosities, that advertisements are issued, and people go to see them on the day before they are cut. One of them at Palmer's, the confectioner, weighed 1,500 pounds.

Retrospective Cleanings.

PAMPHLETS.

The following curious rhapsody upon the use of pamphlets is from the preface of an old book, entitled *Davies' History of Pamphlets*: "From pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the follies of the ignorant, the oversights of statesmen, and the mistakes of courtiers. In pamphlets, merchants may read their profit and loss, shopkeepers their bills of parcels, sailors their longitude, soldiers their camps and enemies, scholars their studies, and ministers their sermons. Pamphlets furnish beaux with their airs, and coquets with their charms. They are to gentlemen's pockets as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive, pastime to gallants and coquets, chat to the talkative, stories for nurses, toys for children, fans for misses, food to the needy, practicing to newsmongers, ketch words to informers, instructions to the ignorant, help to the wise, fuel to the envious, weapons to the revengeful, poison to the unfortunate, balsam to the wounded, employment to the lazy, condemnation to the wicked, speculations to the godly, trials of skill to the quarrelsome and proud, a comfort to the afflicted, gain to the lucky, fatal to the unlucky, poverty to their authors, a satisfaction to the oppressed, a

vent to melancholiness, hearts-ease to censurers, and fabulous materials to romancers and novelists. In a word, pamphlets literally unite contradictions, and are occasional conformists in all manner of acceptations and capacities." W. G. C.

"QUEEN MARY'S DIAL" AT HOLYROOD. (From a Correspondent.)



In the centre of the garden attached to the palace of Holyrood, in Edinburgh, is a beautiful sun dial, which is attributed to the days of Queen Mary, and is still in excellent preservation. It is usually denominated "Queen Mary's dial," and forms the apex of a richly ornamented pedestal, which rests upon a hexagonal base, consisting of three steps. The form of the horologe is multangular; for though its two principal sections are pentagonal, yet from these terminating in pyramidal forms, and being diametrically opposed to each other, again connected by triangular spaces, it presents no fewer than twenty sides, on which are placed twenty-two dials, inserted into circular, semicircular, and triangular cavities. Between the dials are the royal arms of Scotland with the initials M. R. (Maria Regina,) St. Andrew, St. George, Fleurs-de-lis, and numerous other devices.

It is about ten feet in height, and altogether presents a curious specimen of workmanship, deserving attentive examination.

The Naturalist.

EVE'S APPLE TREE.



This curious tree is the *Tabernaemontana alternifolia* of botanists, and the *Devi Ladner* or Eve's Apple of the descendants of the Portuguese in Ceylon. The latter name originates in the tradition which prevailed in former days, among the Mahometans and the Portuguese, that Ceylon was the paradise described in the Scripture; that the garden of Eden was situated in it; and that the fruit of this tree was the forbidden fruit of which Eve ate a piece. In confirmation of this tradition, they referred to the beauty of the fruit, and the fine scent of its flowers, which are most tempting: and to the circumstance of the fruit having been excellent before Eve tasted it. The shape gives it the appearance of a fruit, a piece of which had been bitten off: and its effects are so poisonous, that two European soldiers, shortly after the capture of Colombo in 1795, being unaware of the nature of the fruit, were tempted by its appearance to taste it, and very soon after sickened and died.

The woodcut has been executed from a drawing sent to the *Magazine of Natural History* by Sir Alexander Johnston; and although it in all probability accurately exhibits the general character and aspect of the tree, the Editor is apprehensive, from what botanical references he has been able to make, that the peduncles of the pendulous clusters of fruit are represented of a length exceeding their natural one.

Another species of *Tabernaemontana* is the

Milk Tree, called Hya-Hya, in Demarara. It is described by Mr. Smith, its European discoverer, to yield a copious stream of thick, rich, milky fluid, destitute of all acrimony, and only leaving a slight clamminess on the lips. A tree which was felled on the banks of a small stream had completely whitened the water in an hour or two. The milk has been analyzed by Dr. Christison, who finds it to consist of a small portion of caoutchouc, and a large proportion of a substance possessing in some respects peculiar properties, which appear to place it intermediate between caoutchouc and the resins; it probably, therefore, has no nutritive qualities. Mr. Arnott, however, calls it *Tabernaemontana utilis*.

ICE STORM IN NORTH AMERICA.

(From Notes on the Weather at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. By R. C. Taylor, Esq.)

Feb. 8th.—This morning a heavy rain set in after the thaw, and increased in violence throughout the day and night; and now commenced the most singular, and even sublime, meteorological phenomenon I have observed in this region. It was an occurrence of unusual note, and extended over a large area in this and the adjoining state, and is commonly referred to under the name of the "ice storm." I shall be somewhat minute in describing so much respecting it as fell under my own observation, as noted at the time. Immediately on the descent of the rain it froze, so as to envelope the trees and earth with a thick coating of transparent ice, and to render walking no easy process.

Feb. 9th.—Such an accumulation of ice had now formed upon the branches of the forest trees, as presented a beautiful and extraordinary spectacle. The small underwood, or "brush," was bowed to the earth, while the noblest timbers were everywhere to be seen bending beneath the enormous load of ice with which their branches were incrustated, and the icicles which thickly depended from every point. The heavy foliage of the hemlock and spruce was literally encased, or rather formed solid masses of ice, the smallest twig or blade of grass being surrounded by more than an inch of ice, and resembled the vegetable substances, sometimes occurring in masses of crystal. Rain fell in torrents all this day and the chief part of the ensuing night, until there were about 4 in. of clear ice overspreading the surface of the ground. The change which this phenomenon effected in the usual appearance of the woods was striking. The bushes, and smaller trees, extending to those of 50 ft. in height, were now bent to the ground, and pressed upon each other beneath their unwonted burden, resembling, in some respects, fields of corn beaten down by a tempest. Above, the tall trees drooped and swung heavily; their branches

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glittering, as if formed of solid crystal, and, on the slightest movement of the air, striking against each other, and sending down an avalanche of ice. During the night of the 8th, and on the succeeding morning, the limbs of the trees began to give way under such an unusual load. Every where around was seen and heard the crashing of the topmost branches, which fell to the earth with a noise like the breaking of glass, yet so loud as to make the woods resound. As the day advanced, instead of branches, whole trees began to fall; and, during twenty-four hours, the scene which took place was as sublime as can well be conceived. There was no wind perceptible, yet, notwithstanding the calmness of the day, the whole forest seemed in motion—falling, wasting, or crumbling, as it were, piecemeal. Crash succeeded to crash, until, at length, these became so rapidly continuous as to resemble the incessant discharges of artillery—gradually increasing—as from the irregular firing at intervals of the outposts, to the uninterrupted roar of a heavy cannonade. Pines of 150 ft. and 180 ft. in height came thundering to the ground, carrying others before them; groves of hemlocks were bent to the ground like reeds; and the spreading oaks and towering sugar maples were uprooted like stubble, and often without giving a moment's warning. Under every tree was a rapidly accumulating debris of displaced limbs and branches: their weight, increased more than tenfold by the ice, and crushing everything in their fall with sudden and terrific violence. Altogether, this spectacle was one of indescribable grandeur. I could not resist devoting the whole day to the contemplation, notwithstanding the continued rain, of the desolating and tremendous effects of this unusual phenomenon. It was necessary, however, to be careful to remain at a prudent distance from the falling timber. Of all the scenes in the American forests, this was the most awful I had witnessed. The roar, the cracking and rending, the thundering fall of the uprooted trees, the startling unusual sounds and sights produced by the descent of such masses of solid ice, and the suddenness of the crash, when a neighbouring tree gave way, I shall not easily forget. Yet all this was going on in a dead calm, except, at intervals, a gentle air from the south-east slightly waved the topmost pines. Had the wind freshened, the destruction would have been still more appalling. It was awful to witness the sudden prostration of oaks of the largest class. These trees were the greatest sufferers; and it seemed remarkable, that the deciduous trees should be less able to bear the additional burden than the heavily-laden evergreens. The branches of the oaks rapidly gave way, while the thickly-encased foliage of the hemlocks hung drooping around the stems, upon their

long, pliant, branches, until they appeared like a solid mass, or monumental pillar of ice. In order to obtain some data for estimating the increased weight which the forest trees had now to sustain, I cut off and weighed several boughs of different species, and compared them after the ice was removed by thawing. The following is the result:—

No.		Weight in the Weight when frozen state. thawed.	
		15 lbs.	1 lb.
1.	A branch of white pine [Pinus Strobus] - - -	17	1
2.	Another bough - - -	17	1
3.	Hemlock or spruce branch - - -	17	1
4.	Another - - - - -	17	1

By this it appears that the evergreens had about twenty times their accustomed burden.

Feb. 10th.—This morning was clear and frosty; the rain had ceased, and the wind changed to north-west, although it was scarcely perceptible. A check seemed to have been given to the work of devastation. Fewer branches fell to the earth; yet still, throughout this day, one heard in all quarters the loud thundering crash of falling timber echoing through the woods. Those whose dwellings were situated in the dangerous proximity to these scenes have had two sleepless nights. Within the limits of fifteen acres of wood in my own occupation, I have had fifty of my largest trees over thrown, and not a single deciduous tree in that area escaped entire. This "storm" has produced, as may be conceived, numerous accidents and inconveniences. Few travellers that were passing through the woods on the 9th and 10th escaped without being hemmed in, and their vehicles blocked up by the fallen timber. Wagons, sleds, and sleighs were necessarily abandoned, and the horses, in some instances, with difficulty saved. All the roads around this place were thus stopped up by fallen timber, and by loaded carriages, for some days. At the interval of nearly a year, the navigation of the Moshannon Creek, from hence to the Susquehanna, continues choked by the trees which fell into it during this period. On the summit of the neighbouring Alleghany Mountains, where the pitch pines [Pinus pungens Lambert] are almost the only trees that attain to any magnitude in that elevated and barren region, there has been prodigious destruction, and in some spots, not a single pine has been left standing. The white-oak groves have particularly suffered, and incalculable numbers have been uprooted. Accounts reach us of this "ice storm" extending through Pennsylvania, and part of New York state, and of the travellers who were constrained to pass the night in the woods, hemmed in by the fallen timber. Months after I observed its effects in the pine forest, at the distance of a hundred miles; and the oldest settlers affirm that nothing equalling it, in extent and destruc-

tion, has occurred in their recollection. On the 12th, a thaw, accompanied by heavy rain, soon cleared the drooping forest of its unwanted covering.

Contemporary Traveller.

SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE.

[THIS is the pleasant journal of an observant "ladye" tourist through one of the most interesting and least known districts of France. The route lies from Paris, along the fine river Loire, with a peep into La Vendée, to the important city of Nantes, next to Rennes, a place of equal interest, and thence to St. Malo. The "Peep" into La Vendée enabled our tourist to collect a few attractive notes of the romantic career of the Duchess of Berri; but the volume ranks higher in our estimation for its well-written notices of the popular antiquities, historical associations, and picturesque beauties, of the country through which the author passed. Neither are the welfare and moral condition of the people overlooked; though the pages are not crowded with tiresome descriptions of splendid palaces or chateaux, or ceremonious visits to the gay and the rich; but they furnish us with, we doubt not, impartial views of the manners of the people, such as Dr. Johnson observes, "are found in the streets and the villages, in the shops and farms;" for, "from them collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken." In illustration of the latter feature of the work we may quote the following delightful picture of]

A Village Fête.

Near Souzay, once the residence of the beautiful Diana de Poitiers, where she was frequently visited by her royal lover Henry the Second, we heard the sound of music; we looked up, and saw the peasants dancing on the grass in their holiday attire: the old men and women were sitting looking at them, and the children were playing at their feet. It was the first time I had witnessed such a scene, and it was impossible to behold it, without recalling to mind the well-known lines of Goldsmith:—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score."

I could now attest the truth and nature of this description, and if any thing could have reconciled my English feelings to seeing Sunday evening thus employed, it would have

been the decent and temperate hilarity of the scene. The young girls danced with a modesty almost *precieuse*, for they scarcely lifted their eyes from the ground; two young men, sailors, as I judged, from the hornpipe variations which they introduced into the quadrilles, shone above the rest, yet one of them had no stockings, and exhibited the greatest poverty in his garb. Still the poor fellow was so gallant, that when he saw his little black-eyed partner put her hand in the pockets of her apron, in search of a sous, to give the fiddler, a young boy of fourteen, who regulated the figures of the dances, and the etiquette of the dancers, he would not allow it, but held both her hands in one of his, whilst he found a sous for her, as well as for himself. A little wine and water, a few cherries, and a slice of brown bread, was all the refreshment of these poor people for their fête-day; nor do they ever live any better, excepting now and then butter, or a potage, and that is generally maigre in every sense of the word. The labouring men rub their bread with garlic to make it savoury, and have a small slice of fresh cheese in place of meat, which they scarcely ever taste; happily for them they are by nature temperate; of which there can be no stronger proof than the fact, that where the best brandy may be had for about fourpence a pint, it is very seldom taken by any one, and intoxication is so rare, that the accidental sight, at St. Etienne, of a village Bardolph, was an incident quite remarkable enough to serve us as a memento of the place. This poverty of living, is however extremely unfavourable to beauty; the women, with fine eyes, and animated countenances, look old, whilst they are yet young—they have no plumpness, no contour, and their skins are parched with abstinence, as much as they are burnt with the sun. The group before us were however evidently charming enough in each other's eyes, and happy enough amongst themselves; and it was no small pleasure to us to see their happiness increased, for the moment, by the little donation we made them, small enough as it was, to pay for the music. How often, since I commenced this little tour, have I envied the means, as I have always admired the benevolence, of the late Lord Huntingfield, who, every morning when he went out to walk, put a guinea's worth of silver into his pocket, and deemed that day unlucky in which he could not find fit claimants for the whole of it, before he returned home. How many heavy hearts could he thus unexpectedly gladden!—how many spirits, weighed down by grief, could he thus cheer, by providing them with at least one day's unlooked-for respite from their anxieties—how many sudden strokes of adverse fortune alleviate, how many infantine sorrows remove—how often cheer the drooping soul, by an unex-

pected good, which, though perhaps small in itself, yet shows the unfortunate, that he is not utterly forgotten: that he is still linked to his apparently more prosperous fellow-creatures by the tie of sympathy, still within the pale of humanity; the reach of possible good!—How refulgent the smile that chases the cloud from another's brow!—how soft the pillow which is thronged by indistinct visions of the happiness we have made!—Yes! there is certainly one rich man whom I have envied, and that man was Lord Huntingfield.

[How these observations will gladden the heart of our philanthropic contemporary, the editor of the *Gardeners' Magazine*; and, now that the attention of Parliament has been called to the amusements of the British people, such details as these may be of available worth. The next extract is a good specimen of the antiquarian and historical writing with which the work abounds.]

Castle at Clisson.

As soon as we had dined we went to see the castle, which was erected in 1225, consequently before the invention of artillery, and is even in the present day interesting to engineers, on account of the skilfulness and strength exhibited in the remains of its fortifications. It is situated at the confluence of the Moine, and the Sèvres, and commands a noble view of the surrounding country: the outward ditches are now peaceful meadows, the inner, planted with pines and acacias. These objects blooming in their prime, or renewing themselves even in their decay, contrasted with mouldering towers, roofless passages, and dungeons thrown open to the light of day by the dilapidation of the halls to which their dripping roofs seemed as melancholy foundations, give an air of solemn serenity to the scene, which is increased by the remains in the narrow windows, divided by stone crosses, of that Moorish style of architecture introduced into Europe immediately after the Crusades, in which Olivier de Clisson took a conspicuous part. This Olivier it was, who, from the determined enmity he declared against the English, and the barbarous manner in which he manifested it whenever the fortune of war gave him the opportunity, obtained the epithet of the Butcher. In one of the engagements against them he lost an eye, which did not mollify his wrath, and he repaid the injury with fearful interest, destroying with his own hand, in cold blood, at the capitulation of Benon, fifteen English soldiers, who were, according to the terms agreed on, quitting, unarmed, the place they had defended with a courage which would have gained them the respect of a more generous enemy. Olivier de Clisson was the brother-in-arms of Bertrand du Guesclin, the bravest and best war-

rior of his age. Many a bold chivalric tale is connected with this castle, many a noble tilt and tournament, and gallant entertainment has its walls witnessed, and some of the surrounding meadows washed by the Moine, still retain the remembrance of those times in their appellation of *Prairies des Guerriers*. Here the pious Louis the Ninth, his mother, Blanche of Castille, prudent and good, the victorious Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, the father of his people, Francis the First, the gay, the gallant, the magnanimous queen Eleanor, the gloomy Charles the Ninth, and the haughty and treacherous Catherine de Medicis have all sojourned. — Here they reposed on down, whilst the victims of tyranny groaned in the dungeons below, and, in after-ages, whilst the bodies of those victims had mouldered away in their parent earth, the embalmed remains of their persecutors were dragged forth from their splendid sepulchres, to be mingled with the common dust of those, whom living they would not have suffered to breathe the same air. For two hundred years this noble chateau was abandoned to neglect; and its walls and towers gradually assumed the aspect of desolation; but in 1793, it was put into sufficient repair to allow of its giving shelter to the army de Mayenne. In 1807, it was put up to sale by government, and bought by M. Lemot, from a generous desire well fitting a mind imbued with a taste for every thing beautiful or grand, to preserve its remains, perhaps for centuries, to the admiration of posterity. It is pleasing to see roses bloom and acacias wave their graceful arms, planted by the hand who thus saved the venerable walls from destruction. In one of the courts in particular I was charmed with the contrast their brilliancy and freshness afforded to the dilapidated fragments round which they clustered. But alas! the name of this court, *la cour du grand puits*, recalled to my mind a frightful story, not to be surpassed in horror by any of the scenes of the revolution, and the truth of which I had always been willing to doubt. It was now however too fatally confirmed to me by an eye-witness. The republicans having been beaten by the *La Vendéens*, in the battle of Torfou, sought their revenge in burning every place through which they passed, and massacring all the inhabitants that fell in their way. The old men, the women, and the children, to the number of four hundred, fled from the surrounding villages before these heartless murderers, and sought concealment in the chateau, among the numerous subterranean apartments still to be traced within the circuit of its walls: in these cold, damp and dismal abodes they continued to exist several weeks without ever seeing the blessed light of heaven, or ever feeling its balmy breath—only their children

were allowed to venture forth, and that at night, to cut the grass which sprung up in the forsaken courts and fosses, for the few cattle these unfortunate peasants had brought with them. One fatal night a little girl returning with her load, was surprised by two men, who started forth from behind a projecting angle of the wall; the little creature threw down her burden, and flying on the wings of fear, reached the mouth of the subterranean inclosure, threw herself into her mother's arms and related what had happened. A dismal foreboding of their fate seized the sad inmates, and the groan of despair was heard by the ruffians without, who had tracked the poor child to the spot. They instantly went for a detachment, who soon dislodged the helpless host, and were themselves astonished at the number of their victims. They deliberated for a moment, not whether they should save them, but how they could most speedily, and with least trouble to themselves, destroy them. A wretch pointed silently to the well, which was in the middle of the court—instantly the infernal thought was acted upon; the multitude were driven at the point of the bayonet to the edge of the well, and thrown in one after another, old men, women, and children—in vain they struggled, in vain they clung round their executioners, and to the sides of the well, they only died a double death—their hands detached by sabres, their limbs mutilated, they fell into the deep profound, their shrieks still rising and swelling on the gales of evening, till they were heard far off, and even those around, who were accustomed to the cry of despair and death, shuddered at a sound so fraught with the concentration of human misery. The well was glutted to the brim with human victims, and the wretches closed it up with great stones, and shut out alike the sound and sight of the destruction they had so infernally contrived. One alone escaped, a young boy, who lived to tell the tale to his own children, and the truth of it was sternly attested by the Concierge of the Garrenne, whom we questioned on the subject. "I heard their groans," he said: when we expressed a hope that the facts might be exaggerated—"I went to the spot—I saw them, and could not help them—I know how it was—I cannot be mistaken—and I cannot forget." This man had seen all the horrors of the revolution; they seemed to have stiffened his sinews, without calling up his blood, for his complexion was colourless, and he only relaxed his muscles once, on asking if *Charles dix* had a house in England. We described his asylum at Holyrood, and added, "Your present king has a house in England too."

"C'est bien," he replied, "car il en aura besoin."

His eye gleamed as he spoke, and some-

thing like the phantom of a smile cast a momentary gleam over features that seemed "cut in alabaster." Glad I was to lose the painful ideas which this solitary tree, the monument of so many victims had called forth, in a lovely walk in all the sweet serenity of evening, in the grounds of the *Maison Valentin*.

[It need scarcely be added that the present volume is an acceptable accession to our knowledge of the manners of some of the most interesting of the French provinces. It is throughout gracefully written, and the episodal narratives are told in a feeling which does honour to the mind and heart of the accomplished writer.]

The Public Journals.

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

RELUCTANTLY, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly-gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of *Basilus*,* he gently said, "*Basilus*, stoop down and let me talk to you."

Basilus, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilus. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Forty pounds! Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, *Basilus*, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. 'Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it me: and think, *Basilus*, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant), "Martin, come here."

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin, I want you to write a letter for me (*starting up with energy*). Swear you'll do it!

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.—*Ed.*

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, "Dear sir."

Martin. "Dear sir."

Hazlitt. "I am at the last gasp."

Martin. "I am at the last gasp."

Hazlitt. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Martin. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Hazlitt. "Yours truly—"

Martin. "Yours truly—"

Hazlitt. "William Hazlitt."

Martin. "William Hazlitt."

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: "To Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Edinburgh."

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt, starting up. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an inclosure of fifty pounds.*

Monthly Magazine.

ODE TO THE STONE PILLAR

NEAR CARLTON TERRACE.

Thou longitudinally great,
And perpendicularly straight,
And hard and hollow thing! why stand'st thou here?
Is it to teach some lesson thou dost rear
Thy lofty head, "commerce with the skies?"
In what would thy stone sterness make us wise?
Are we to soar, like thee, above the base,
Yet aye be steadfast in our stated place?
Still growing less, as more thou dost aspire.
Say, dost thou speak of pride than merit higher?
Art thou a teller of deeds which greatness deck, or
A mere post mortem "Teller of the Eschequer?"
Is it a public debt, or private debts,
That thy recording truth before us sets?
On which theme is't thy moral voice discants—
Is it on sterling worth, or sterling wants?

* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician, who had attended Hazlitt, at the door, about to depart. "How is your patient, sir?" inquired Hone. "Tis all over," replied the medical man. "Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago; he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will." A third person, who had just come up, here observed "He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that forty pounds, is a perfect mystery."

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. "You are aware," said Hazlitt, "of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts)—but so human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out—Can you lend me A SHILLING?—I have been WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!"

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this would be needless.

Thou art, I fear, but Flattery's handywork,
Being a tribute unto "Royal York."
Thy "royal highness," (ah! too like to his,)
Prompts us somewhat to stare, somewhat to quiz.
Railing surrounds, above, thy lofty brow,
And passers-by do likewise rail below!
That mortal Prince, whom thou to the Cherubim
Would'st raise, what record can'st thou give of him?
Of his great deeds few words the Muse can dish up—
But, for his virtues, was he not a Bishop? *
He made a credit, though with some few slurs;
He also made such things as *creditors*.
He scorning, *dukefully*, thrift's paltry fream,
For his own ease contracted "as alienum."
He was a man, "take him for all in all,"
Who paid in part, (that part, albeit, small!)
He was—but words are wanting to tell what—
His creditors can tell what he *was not*.
Those hungry souls, to thee, alas! they turn,
To thee, proud Pillar! and, beholding, burn.
Thou, cruelly responsive to their groan,
For money columns show'st them *thine* of stone!
On thee they gaze, in heart and pocket riven;
Thy summit, preaching *patience*, points to heaven!
Let others praise thee—they can only hate—
Let others vaunt thy form, and cloud capped state—
Still, still thou art, to their impoverish'd view,
Naught but a huge, insolvent IOU!
But hold! why bear'st thou not e'en now on high
His figure whom thou art bound to glorify?
Dost thou dislike the company of bronze?
Or, art thou to those impetuous ones,
(If, after all, thy granite sides can feel,
And some few grains of softer stone conceal.)
Those hungered creditors, compassionate?
And so dost wait till they shall cease to wait?
If it be so, maintain the just delay,
Till empty hopes shall change to solid pay;
Nor let the statue on thy top be planted,
Until the public voice cry, "York, you're wanted!"
Do so, good Pillar! do as I have said—
So shall my blessing be on thy bald head!

New Monthly Magazine.

LIFE IN DEATH.

[The ground-work of this tale will be recognised by the reader.]

"Who shall deny the mighty secrets hid
In Time and Nature?"

"But can you not learn where he sups?" asked the dying man, for at least the twentieth time; while the servants again repeated the same monotonous answer—"Lord, sir, we never know where our young master goes."

"Place a time-piece by the bed-side, and leave me."

None was at hand; when one of the assembled group exclaimed—"Fetch that in Mr. Francis's room."

It was a small French clock, of exquisite workmanship, and a golden Cupid swung to and fro,—fitting emblem for the light and vain hours of its youthful proprietor, but a strange mockery beside a death-bed. Yet the patient watched it with a strange expression of satisfaction, mingled, too, with anxiety, as the glittering hands pursued their appointed round. As the minutes passed on, an ejaculation of dismay burst from Mr. Saville's lips: he strove to raise his left hand with a gesture of impatience; he found it

* Bishop of Osnaburgh.

powerless too; the palsy, which had smitten his right side, had now attacked the left. "A thousand curses upon my evil destiny—I am lost!"

At this moment the time-piece struck four, and began to play one of the popular airs of that day; while the cord on which the Cupid was balanced moved, modulated by the fairy-like music. "He comes!" almost shrieked the palsied wretch, making a vain effort to rise on his pillow. As if the loss of every other sense had quickened that of hearing seven-fold, he heard the distant tramp of horses, and the ring of wheels, on the hard and frosty road. The carriage stopped; a young man, wrapped in furs, sprang out, opened the door with his own key, and ran up the stairs, gaily singing,

They may rail at this earth; from the hour I began it,

I have found it a world full of sunshine and bliss; And till I can find out some happier planet, More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

"Good God, sir, don't sing—your father's dying!" exclaimed the servant who ran to meet him. The youth was silenced in a moment; and, pale and breathless, sprang towards the chamber. The dying man had no longer power to move a limb: the hand which his son took was useless as that of the new-born infant; yet all the anxiety and eagerness of life was in his features.

"I have much to say, Francis; see that we are alone."

"I hope my master does not call this dying like a Christian," muttered the housekeeper as she withdrew. "I hope Mr. Francis will make him send for a priest, or at least a doctor. People have no right to go out of the world in any such heathen manner."

The door slammed heavily, and father and son were left alone.

"Reach me that casket," said Mr. Saville, pointing to a curiously carved Indian box of ebony. Francis obeyed the command, and resumed his kneeling position by the bed.

"By the third hand of that many-armed image of Vishnu is a spring, press it forcibly."

The youth obeyed and the lid flew up, within was a very small glass phial containing a liquid of delicate rose colour. The white and distorted countenance of the sufferer lighted up with a wild unnatural joy.

"Oh, youth, glad, beautiful youth, art thou mine again, shall I once more rejoice in the smile of woman, in the light of the red wine cup, shall I delight in the dance, and in the sound of music?"

"For heaven's sake compose yourself," said his son, who thought that his parent was seized with sudden insanity. "In truth I am mad to waste breath so precious!—Listen to me, boy! A whole existence is contained in that little bottle; from my earliest youth I

have ever felt a nameless horror of death, death yet more loathsome than terrible: you have seen me engrossed by lonely and mysterious studies, you knew not that they were devoted to perpetual struggle with the mighty conqueror—and I have succeeded. That phial contains a liquid which rubbed over my body, when the breath has left it seemingly for ever, will stop the progress of corruption, and restore all its pristine bloom and energy. Yes, Francis, I shall rise up before you like your brother. My glorious secret! how could I ever deem life wasted in the search? Sometimes when I have heard the distant chimes tell the hour of midnight, the hour of others' revelry or rest, I have asked, is not the present too mighty a sacrifice to the future; had I not better enjoy the pleasures within my grasp? but one engrossing hope led me on; it is now fulfilled. I return to this world with the knowledge of experience, and the freshness of youth; I will not again give myself up to feverish studies and eternal experiments. I have wealth unbounded, we will spend it together, earth holds no luxury which it shall deny us."

The dying man paused, for he observed that his son was not attending to his words, but stared as if his gaze was spell-bound by the phial which he held.

"Francis," gasped his father.

"There is very little," muttered the son still eying the crimson fluid.

The dew rose in large cold drops on Saville's forehead—with a last effort he raised his head, and looked into the face of his child—there was no hope there; cold, fixed, and cruel, the gentleness of youth seemed suddenly to have passed away, and left the stern features rigid as stone; his words died gurgling in the throat, his head sank back on the pillow, in the last agony of disappointment, despair and death. A wild howl filled the chamber, and Francis started in terror from his knee; it was only the little black terrier which had been his father's favourite. Hastily he concealed the casket, for he heard the hurrying steps of the domestics, and rushing past them, sought his own room, and locked the door. All were struck by his altered and ghastly looks.

"Poor child," said the housekeeper, "I do not wonder he takes his father's death so to heart, for the old man doated on the very ground he trod upon. Now the holy saints have mercy upon us," exclaimed she, making the sign of the cross, as she caught sight of the horrible and distorted face of the deceased.

Francis passed the three following days in the alternate stupor and excitement of one to whom crime is new, and who is nevertheless resolved on its commission. On the evening of the fourth he heard a noise in the room where the corpse lay, and again the dog began his loud and doleful howl. He entered

the apartment, and the two first men he saw were strangers, dressed in black with faces of set solemnity; they were the undertakers, while a third in a canvass apron, and square paper cap, was beginning to screw down the coffin, and while so doing was carelessly telling them how a grocer's shop, his next-door neighbour's, had been entered during the night, and the till robbed.

"You will leave the coffin unscrewed till to-morrow," said the heir. The man bowed, asked the usual English question which suits all occasions, of "Something to drink, sir?" and then left young Saville to his meditations. Strange images of death and pleasures mingled together; now it was a glorious banquet, now the gloomy silence of a churchyard; now bright and beautiful faces seemed to fill the air, then by a sudden transition they became the cadaverous relics of the charnel-house. Some clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, it was too faint for Francis to hear it distinctly, but it roused him; he turned towards the little time-piece, there the golden cupid sat motionless, the hands stood still, it had not been wound up; the deep silence around told how late it was; the fire was burning dead, the candles were dark with their large unsnuffed wicks, and strange shadows, gigantic in their proportions, flitted round the room.

"Fool that I am to be thus haunted by a vain phantasy. My father studied overmuch; his last words might be but the insane ravings of a mind overwrought. I will know the truth."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Thomson's Birthplace.—The monument at Ednam, erected about twelve or fourteen years ago, to commemorate the birthplace of the author of the "Seasons," has, till within these few days, been without an inscription, to point out to the traveller its origin. Mr. Waddie, of Henderside, the proprietor of the ground whereon it is situated, has been at the expense of a suitable stone, with the following inscription:—"Erected in memory of James Thomson, author of the 'Seasons'; born at Ednam, 11th September, A.D. 1700."—*Weekly True Sun.*

Knighthood.—The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various: the principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans: by this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honour of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterwards changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight. Charles V. is said to have made five

hundred knights in a single day; on which account, therefore, new orders of knighthood were instituted, in order to distinguish the more deserving from the crowd. P. T. W.

A man changed his profession of a painter to a physician; upon which a friend applauded him, saying, You have done well, for before your faults could be discovered with the naked eye, but now they are hid. H. B.

Definition of Wit.—A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of A—is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "It would be a good thing well applied," rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was reprieved, *for a time*, from *suspension*, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the monarch.

The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his sole command.

Gold and Greatness.—Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey,) you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea-man,) but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together all muscles and bones for ten guineas."

Mr. Caesar.—Swift dined one day in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, and Mr. Caesar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "Mr. Caesar, I beg your pardon."

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